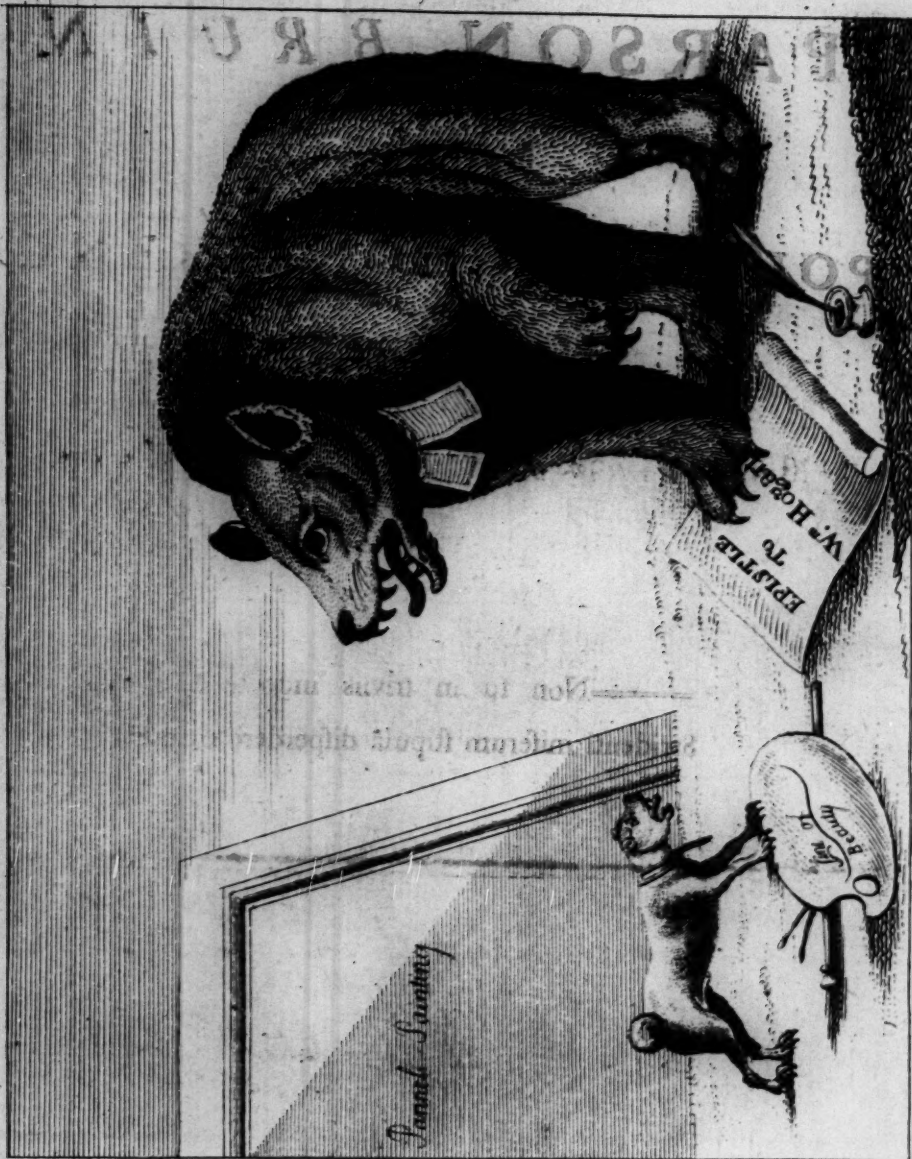


PUG'S R FLY

TO



PUG'S REPLY



P U G ' s R E P L Y

T O

12332.d.52

PARSON BRUIN.

O R A

POLEMICAL CONFERENCE

OCCASIONED BY AN

Epistle to *William Hogarth*, Esq; by *C. Churchill*.

—Non tu in triviis indocte solebas
Stridenti miserum stipulâ disperdere carmen?

V I R O .

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. COOKE, at Shakespear's-Head, in Pater-noster-Row.

(Price One Shilling.)

(1763)

Re.

PL Y

OT

PARSONS
SERJEANT

AND

PARSONS BROWN & CO



H and blowing, your bounding and leaping, come to this; How is the part of cotton, fallen! After a two

months previous advertisement, the Brown Women fill mattering and rumbling over our heads is now bent at last, innocent or any mischief caused to the nation it was meant to destroy; to far from it indeed, that the very lightning which was meant to blast my mother's name, - coming roaring from the distant and utter's in- tent adds new lustre thereto, and diffuses a brighter glory all around.

Brain. Why thou little insignificant poor crawling animal, whence this pretension to make a bee with-out disease?

King; and a Dutch Pug is at any time a companion good enough

carriages to attain it ;
 sublime, a ray of which is not to be met with in all the master's mi-
 native, and to tag off thy sentiments with imagery bordering on the
 counter. Play where thou learned to be so tropical and fig-
 anger ; but on recollection, laughter best suits to indicate an ex-
 Brain. Repulse, thy misapprehensions had almost provoked me into

S E R J E A N T P U G,
 A N D
 P A R S O N B R U I N, &c.

Pug. **H**A, ha, ha! Well met, Bruin. Is then all your puffing and blowing, your bouncing and swaggering come to this? How is the bard of terroure fallen! After a two months previous advertisement, this Brutum Fulmen still muttering and rumbling over our heads is now burst at last, innocent of any mischief caused to the person it was meant to destroy; so far from it indeed, that the very lightning which was meant to blast my master's fame, counter-working the malevolent artificer's intent, adds new lustre thereto, and diffuses a brighter glory all around.

Bruin. Why thou little, insignificant, pert, snarling animal, whence this presumption to make so free with our dignity?

Pug. Marry come up, who art thou?—A cat may look at a King; and a Dutch Pug is at any time a companion good enough for a Russian Bear.

Bruin. Reptile, thy malapertness had almost provoked me into anger; but on recollection, laughter best suits so ludicrous an encounter. Pray where hast thou learned to be so tropical and figurative, and to tag off thy sentiments with imagery bordering on the sublime, a ray of which is not to be met with in all thy master's mis-carriages to attain it?

B

Pug.

Pug. Nor in thy late common-place, poorly-rhimed, unmethodized, catch-penny epistle to him.

Bruin. How, dare again to be rude, and make free with our dignity ?

Pug. *Make free with our dignity*, forsooth ! This is the second time you have had recourse to that affected expression ; but I now perceive that in your conversation, as well as in your writing, you cannot help discovering your native barrenness, by frequently recurring to the same dull phrases, and still triter turns of flat and unharmonious verification, which you used to harraß unfortunate hearers with, to the very grating and rasping of their ears in your country-curacy, there threatening to lampoon or bruise all those who would not chuse to hear your teeth-grinding, stridulous rhimes.

Bruin. Insolent Pug, what has made thee a critick ?

Pug. The same qualification that set thee up for an author ; presumption, and an absolute disregard to modesty.

Bruin. I tell thee, vile insect, if thou dost not contrive to accost me in a more respectful manner, I will no longer retain my anger, but let it loose ; then either stick my claws into thee, or squeeze thee dead.

Pug. Monster, I defy thee, nor is it in the power of any menacing brute, like thee, to hurt me : for know, that howbeit to all outward appearance I may seem nothing more than what you call a Pug ; yet within this canine form an heavenly emanation dwells, the genius that has inspired Hogarth in all his performances, for which in grateful return, he has so often hitched in my terrestrial and perishing appearance ; Mahomet had his pigeon, Hogarth has his Pug.

Bruin. [Drawing in claws that had been half projected, and looking amazement, as significantly as so ill-featured an animal could.]

If thou bee'st what thou hast said, and that thou art so, the sudden awe which I feel within me, almost confirms ; why then I will hear thy rebukes and criticisms, with all that candour, disinterestedness and intrepidity, I make such ample profession of, and mean to adhere to as long as I can ; that is, as long as I shall find it convenient ; and if you have any doubt, I will send for my other self, my Pylades, the patriot of George-street, the scourge of messengers, and terror
of



of state secretaries, to be bound for my good behaviour on this occasion, and my amenableness to the peace.

Pug. No, it is unnecessary; crest-fallen Bruin—Besides, as I have always held you both in the same light, and deemed you to be equally depended upon, separately as jointly; moreover to extricate himself upon an emergency, the George-street patriot (as you call him) may plead privilege.

Bruin. Were it not on account of that consummate reverence I bear for all ranks of superior existence, and every thing heavenly, of which the whole tenor of my life is a sober, uniform and immaculate proof, I would on the instant renounce that remarkable spirit of meekness, which hath hitherto been the guide of all my actions, to rush upon thee with tenfold rage for daring to offer the most distant sneer, or even to squint malignantly at my friend; the great, the good, the god-like man—no, there is none such, he is a nonpareil.

For, give me leave to tell to thee,
That I love Wilkes, and Wilkes loves me;

While the mill goes,

And the wind blows,

Then who are so happy as we.

To pluck pence from the public goose,

Let us two doughty heroes loose,

While by pamphlets and subscriptions

We do raise such contributions;

But when with cash our pockets we've cramm'd,

Then the dup'd town may rail and be d—n'd.

Now divine Pug proceed—It is my way

From dog-trot prose, to limping rhimes to stray.

Pug. Gentle Bruin (one polite expression deserves another) since it is possible to impress some check on you in your boisterous career, and make you to deviate from your savage haunts into the milder paths of humanity; listen and be instructed.

Bruin. I am all attention—I am absolutely struck as dumb as if I were this instant ordered by an act of parliament to go as a missionary.

to

to propagate the christian doctrine among my brethren and fellow brutes in Canada. —

Pug. You are to learn, Bruin, that as nothing happens in this sublunary world without the special appointment, direction and superintendence of the fates, destiny, and the other all-directing powers, under whatever denomination implored, invoked and adored ; that there was some reason appeared to the supreme council (because if the said council were to act without reason, its constituent members would be looked upon as no better than blind agents, and consequently would be proved unworthy of any attention or worship from mankind) for their having ordered my original essence, my spirituality to be thus pinioned as it were, thus hampered up, and thus enclosed within this quadrupedal, this dapper form I now enjoy ; and in which all knowledge of the bodies either environing, or in proximity with me is conveyed thro' the loop-holes of ears, eyes, nose, &c. Now, Bruin, canst thou form any conjecture as to what could have been the prevailing motive for said supreme council's first casing me thus, and of their since appropriating my dog-ship to the serjeant painter ?

Bruin. No, by my bear-ship, I cannot form any, not the least conjecture.

Pug. Think, I say, think, huge and unwieldy inhabitant of unfrequented dwelling places ?

Bruin. No, not I ; it would be an unavailing and idle attempt in me to set about it ; for I could never think to any good purpose in my life.

Pug. But to mischievous ones you can think with a vengeance, as all the poor unoffending actors can prove ; as can the Scots and Scotland, all as indiscriminately (as without doubt undeservedly) abused for the (suppose premeditated) delinquency ; or perhaps (and which is certainly nearer the mark) the uncapacitated blundering ; or to be still milder in our expression, the errors in judgment (pardonable) of a few individuals.

Bruin. Since, Pug, you have generously undertaken to instruct me upon articles I knew not of, and to make a revelation to me of most surprizing matters (such as your celestial origin) which I never in the least dreamt of before ; give me leave, by way of a grateful return, to unfold to you the feelings of my heart, and display my soul in her genuine nakedness.

Pug.

Pug. Ha, ha, ha ! I cannot help exerting this faculty which I have learned from the human species, so apt to be merry at each other's expence, on hearing you thus wildly run out of the limits of common sense.

Bruin. Why, how now, self-sufficient Pug ? I shall certainly relapse into anger again, if you presume to treat me thus scornfully. What have I advanced so absurd as to draw a laugh from you ?

Pug. Why, my dear Bruin, what can be more laughable than to hear you, forgetful of your nature, and known temperament of your body, deal out such fine, such delicate expressions, " unfold to " you the feelings of my heart, and display my soul to you in her " genuine nakedness ? " Dear, dear Bruin, excuse me ; were you to become ever so angry I must laugh indeed, ha, ha, ha, ha !

Bruin. On second thought I forgive you, frolicksome Pug, because I reflect that since your spirituality's transmigration from the illumined sphere above, down to our opaque and umbrageous earth, you have been accustomed to contemplate all objects in a ridiculous light, and to travesty them by burlesque representations. Wherefore since laughing has not only been habitual with, but also professional in you, and the means by which you and yours have earned their daily bread, I am becalmed anew, and forgive you.

Pug. Now that is very kind, my good, and condescending Bruin. But pray what had you to communicate to me concerning the feelings of your heart, and genuine nakedness of your soul ?

Bruin. Why that it was neither by any instigation of the former, nor from any implanted principle in the latter, I abused the Actors and the Scots. I first tried my talent on the theatric realm ; and then cultivated it on Caledonia's realm and her sons to my considerable advantage, hinc mihi tot Carmina, not from any malice—I have no knack at any but abusive writing ; and without that talent (however unamiable it renders its possessor in society) I must have still remained in obscurity, and indigence, the unknown C. Churchill a poor curate, or reader ; and sometimes an occasional hireling preacher for the indolent and wealthy drones of the church, furnishing frequently both composition and lungs, for the small stipend of half a guinea per Sermon. To abuse I owe my having emerged into public notoriety ; and whenever I shall be deemed a bankrupt in that dangerous province of writing,

it will be all over with me, and my stock of fame that was raised in a Hurry, will be as rapidly pulled down, "it will vanish like the baseless fabric of a vision and not leave a wreck behind."

Pug. If thou dost really think so, Bruin, I will repeat to thee for the sake of the harmony, a beautiful and significant Latin verse.

"Venit summa dies, et ineluctabile fatum."

You may make what use you please of it by way of a hint or application—But now to return to Hogarth, to whom all hitherto said, relates as little as does the first half of your epistle from page 1 to 15, (the whole consisting but of 31) the vague sense of which might have been with as much propriety prefixed to any abusive poem, or even other form of work, a thousand years ago, and may a thousand years hence, a thousand leagues distant, in any province of the habitable globe.—Now as writing in kind, is often the most striking censure, so thus far, here is a Rowland for your Oliver, a humbug in prose, for your humbug in verse. It equally answers both our purposes, in swelling up each work for the expected price—The publick is (as you and your George-street friend have often said) a goose, and therefore let us pluck it while we can.

Bruin. Mum, dear Pug, let us not expose the secrets of our trade, the craft of publication; and now pray oblige me with a recital of the motive, which induced the supreme council above to Indogify thy spiritual essence—

Pug. Whenever a nation, by the extraordinary advantages with which it is blessed in preference above most others, seems too inclinable to vanity, the celestial supremacy then appoints some special agent to defeat that vicious tendency. The subjects of England from their being reputed in general the most handsome people of Europe, an incorrigible excess of pride was to be dreaded, and their total ruin in consequence; which evil I have been commissioned to avert; therefore live Hogarth's Pug for ever: Hogarth's genius was originally turned to the beautiful and sublime in painting (as his analysis of beauty shews) till warped by me to deformity, and the caricaturas of English nature, in order thereby to become the graphical talisman of his country; so that if it can be said of him by virtue of any poetical or pictorial figure, that he has murdered father Symmetry, and committed many acts of violence on mother Beauty, from whose

whose forced embraces, a deformed and numerous progeny have arisen, from which all eyes, fond of elegant form, turn aside, and an immediate check is felt by all those in whom were any latent sparks of pride kindled by the beauty of their persons; it is all to be imputed to my superior influence.

Bruin. So then, Pug, it is thou that hast done all this?

Pug. Yes, Bruin, it is I have done all this; which must disculpate the primary feelings of Hogarth's heart, necessitated to what he has performed by the stern awards of inexorable fate: wherefore like the intentionally innocent, but in execution, unhappy king of Thebes, he may thus address the powers above,

—Impute my errors to your own decree,
My pencil's guilty, but my heart is free.

Bruin. Strange all this!

Pug. Bruin, I will tell thee what is stranger still; to wit, that contrary to general expectation, thou hast not given a poetical review of my master's grotesque, his satyrical exhibitions (not comedies as you idly call them) then what an ample field for an Horatian happiness, and musical variety of expression! then how you might have worked him for his too late efforts in serious painting; how humourously might you represent Pharaoh's daughter as a Covent-garden lady; Paul preaching, as an Irish hay-maker, &c, &c. All your laboured declamation against Sigismunda is malignantly false, though it is far from having that transcendent excellence which my master in his moments of paternal fondness, was inclined to think it possessed of, yet it is as far distant from that low performance you would degrade it to, the work of a dauber, and only a pattern for sign-painting. — In answer to the charge brought against him for his frequently declaring against the ancient painters of renown, he was not to be literally understood: all he meant by such doctrine was, that artists should emancipate themselves from the hoodwinked servitude of imitation, to look at nature, and copy from her with their own eyes: if the same principles were to be imbibed by the students in all the polite arts, &c. greater strides towards perfection would most certainly be made. He is also charged with having frequently asserted, there is nothing the most eminent painters of Italy

Italy, and elsewhere, have produced, he could not do equally well. He would have been much nearer to an equality with them, had not his executive faculty been distorted by me; for in theory who ever soared beyond him? to which of them are we obliged for so excellent a work, as *The Analysis, or Line of Beauty*?—The parricide print of the *Times*, was intirely of my suggesting, by a special mandate from my superiors, for reasons I shall not enter into here: the Design was communicated to me, which I engrafted upon my master's imagination in one of his unguarded hours, when true judgment was abroad. Then, Bruin, it came to pass, that thou and thy friend took fire at finding thyselfes the two most elevated figures in the piece, and ye soon published that angry North Briton, No 17. My master, who is rather of an irritable than of a forgiving disposition (like to thy irascible self) resolved not to be behind-hand, and to return the compliment on the first brilliant occasion. That which he seized on, in thy sense was an improper time; in the opinion of others, it was deemed a seasonable one.—Whether it was, or was not, I shall not debate; I shall say no more on that subject here, than that it was I inspired him with the notion, I instigated him to the execution, and publication of *John Wilkes, Esq;* caricatured with the cap of Liberty over his head. Then (*Bella horrida Bella*;) from the next day, Bruin, thy hostile advertisement appeared in all the news-papers.—“On the 20th of June will be published, An epistle to William Hogarth, by C. Churchill.”—What heart of flesh would not quake at so terrifying an address! This menacingly promised, eagerly expected, and much talked of epistle, did not, however, appear until Saturday July the second; so that the parental womb in the author's brain was mistaken in its reckoning, and the delivery was protracted beyond the calculated time. Dr. Hunter, and all other, eminent in midwifery, are appealed to for an explanation of this twelve days retarded pregnancy. On the Sunday morning after I gave it a serious reading; and now thou art to take what follows, as—“Pug's reply to Parson Bruin, occasioned by an epistle to W. Hogarth, by C. Churchill.”—The reason given by the author for writing the epistle, was to avenge an affront to his friend Wilks. The reason given by Hogarth for that gentleman's caricature,

was

was, that he could not bear to see the best of kings, &c. weekly abused by the scribblers of the North-Briton. It ought to be a very great humbling to the pride of the North-Briton-writers, to see that the spurious and additional numbers, subsequent to N^o 45. were looked upon by the professed admirers of those papers, as by far the most masterly; whoever writes up to the peril of a gaol or pillory, is sure of the publick attention: true literary merit can never be derived but from writing on inoffensive subjects, and keeping clear from gross personalities, the disgrace of civilized society. Hogarth added, any thing they could do to him in return he valued not: Churchill likewise declares, he fears not Hogarth. The one pleads friendship, the other loyalty; the unbiassed part of the public is free, either to approve, disapprove, or laugh at both. This difference, however, is to be made; my master has fulfilled his intent, which was to give a strong and caricatured resemblance of Wilkes, to excite a sneer on every beholder's face; now my task is to enquire, what was your Plan proposed in this epistle? How have you conducted yourself in the Composition? And what is your merit in the Execution of it.—Then, first, as to Plan—There is absolutely none; for as hath already been observed, as far as page 15, one half of the poem, there is nothing but a strained (and foreign to the purpose) dialogue between the Author and Candour, consisting mostly of common-place; without any instances strikingly new, either in thought, imagery, or expression.—Churchill conversing with Candour? Wonderful! Assertion is no proof: you say, Hogarth never praised merit in another: we declare, on the contrary, that he never was an enemy to real merit, but was ever so to all pretenders thereto, the bane of the polite arts: thou hast been misinformed, Bruin, in this point by certain artists, whom he always held cheap, and thought their success reflected a dishonour on his country: the slight he marked to them, they have long laboured to pervert to an universal enmity to merit in others: and now they triumph in having obtained you as their echoing instrument, to diffuse the slander abroad.—The picture of Old Age and Infirmities, page 20, I suppose you had long by you; but it is here, as to its poetical merit, no more

than what Horace calls a *Pannus*, because inapplicable to Hogarth, either as to his years, or to his present activity of body. Were the picture you give a truth in him, he would be a just object of compassion, not of satire: but the reverse evinces you guilty of a most impudent falsehood in the best written paragraph of your rhimed epistle. But, bully Bruin, take my word for it, that you will not find that feeble dotard you would fain misrepresent him, but at thy cost will, ere long, be manifested,

— *cruda Deo, viridisque senectus.*

My mistress, on reading that passage, shook her head a little it is true; but, upon the whole, declared you to be a spreader of scandal; for that things are not altogether so spiritless, unnerved, shrunk and shrivelled up, as you would maliciously insinuate; but that there are, from time to time, occasional exertions. We have had many a laugh at our house on your so strenuously exhorting my master to die; such zealous advice implies a fear of his retaliation; notwithstanding your poetic swaggering, your challenge and defiance, page 29.

“I dare thy worst, with scorn behold thy rage.”

To add a new force and dignity to this line, there is only wanted the military deportment of major Sturgeon; a part so happily conceived, and so masterly executed in his mayor of Garrat, by that true genius for humour, Mr. Foote; in whose praise I have often heard my master wanton, and certainly he is a judge of that class of merit, if there be one in the world: there is, among many, an instance of his praising desert in another. I shall reply to your above bullyism in modest imitation of a great number of lines in your epistle,

“A truth long known upon this earthly ball;

“They fear the most, that say they don't at all.”

Bravo—very well indeed—by cultivating we should come on apace;—Bullyism from a confidence of superior mental powers, is as contemptible, and sins as much against all social laws, as that of superior bodily strength.—But my master will not be thus bullied out of his feelings, and into the grave, which you seem to heartily wish, before he entertains the public with parson Bruin's progress from his first putting on, to his late doffing the cassock, in a series of prints. The sketches, as far as are done, exhibit such scenes for provoking even stoicism to laughter, that I before-hand feel for, and pity the sad taking, you and your friend Wilkes will be in, at their publication.—From a prophetic apprehension of so justly merited a chastisement, how sweetly you turn upon my master at once, page 26, with what honey'd pellets, and sugar'd phrases you ply him. But it will not do, Bruin, for you are devilish awkward and clumsy at panegyric, it is mere sign-daubing. — You run as wide from the standard of taste and truth, in your hyperbolical praise, as in your outrageous abuse; and on either side equally lose yourself in a wilderness of rumbling words, to which you frequently seem not to have annexed the just and appreciated meaning. It is like writing half drunk to a high wind in the Park.—“Damn the scoundrel, I will gibbet him in satire for all posterity; but then he is a fellow of *vast* pretty parts, we must make it up and be friends.”—As for composition there can be none where there is no plan, which is the cause of such frequent anticipations and repetitions, that this motley piece seems to have been written by snatches between sleep and awake. There is nothing in it can either anger, or make Hogarth ridiculous. It is said he is old, envies merit in others; he is bid to die, and then is extolled to the skies: not one passage provokes a laugh, or even excites a smile; not a thought, sentiment or image throughout, that for novelty or diction one would desire to remember; the sad epilogue, p. 30. which by a tragicomic application of the decline which superior geniuses have been liable to, from an intensity of thinking to Hogarth and Reynolds, (men of fanciful colours) neither of them being in the least danger that way sufficiently display. What an injudicious author it is, as doth his motto—*Ut pictura Poesis*, inapplicable to the whole, or to any part, there not being the least sketch of a comparison between the two arts of painting and poetry; if a scrap of Latin was necessary in

order to appear learned; then in regard to his *miserable end*, the funeral motto might be better adapted, *sic transit gloria mundi*.—The last point is the execution of the piece; which from what has been here premised cannot detain me longer than to declare, that I never met with so many poor and unharmonious lines in a poem or epistle of equal length written by a person of any reputation.—

I now subjoin a few Quares in the name of common sense.

1. Had Churchill and Candour an interview on writing his *Rociad*, striking repeatedly in several editions at the livelihood of poor underling actors, who would do better if they could: besides, the meanest walks of the drama demand not the talents requisite for the first: might not then with more justice be applied to himself than to Hogarth,

Why then like savage giants, *famed of old*

Of whom in *scripture-story*—*we are told*.

Dost thou in cruelty that strength employ

Which nature meant to Save not to destroy?

[Q. the sense here.]

Why dost thou all in horrid pomp arrayed,

Sit grinning o'er the ruins thou hast made?

Most rank ill nature must applaud thy art;

But even Candour must condemn thy heart,

Especially when seated in the front of the pit laughing, and teaching others to laugh, at the wretches he had mangled in print: their situation exempted them as much from being the object of satire, as does a poor curate's preaching for an ungraceful figure, or an unhappy utterance: it is the flagrantly vicious, the ridiculously pretending, the public—endangering characters, &c. that are objects for the satyric muse; but not those who do their utmost in any profession for a subsistence; all would be foremost if they could, that is granted but to a few.

2. Common sense desires to know from Mr. Churchill, if the good people of England are to receive men from his pen, as gods or devils as he shall please to indite; for instance, p. 28.

With so much merit, and so much success,

With so much pow'r to *curse*, so much to *bless*.

To *curse* and *blest*, belong to old mother Episcopacy, not to Hogarth's lively, laughing pencil ; but it was meant here perhaps as a gradation to his supposed *apotheosis*. Epist. p. 28.

Would he have been *man's* friend *instead of* foe,
Hogarth had been a *little* god below.

Here is the strictest precision in *phrase*, because Hogarth being but a little man, according to the rules of propriety he could be metamorphosed into none other but a *little* god. Now suppose the mangled actors with the same regard to propriety were to apply to the satyric *leviathan*,

“ Would he have been our friend instead of foe,
“ Churchill had been a big, huge god below.

it would be equally elegant, decent, and true.

3. If Hogarth be the monster Churchill has in this epistle painted him, why did he let him so long escape, for the sake of mankind ; or is his godship only superseded thro' a splenetic resentment for the print of the Times, and the caricature of Wilkes ? Ridiculous ! Is a man's being in friendship or enmity with him and Wilkes ; two such irreproachable and immaculate beings ! to render him more or less virtuous in the public eye ? this were to revive what Dryden says of the celebrated duke of Buckingham.

“ So over violent, or over civil,

“ That every man with him was god or devil.”

Horace has in one line given a true picture of such a poet as you, the satyric Lucilius incorrect, irregular, turbid, but had some striking passages.

“ Dum flueret lutulentus erat quod tollere velles—

This is the utmost can be said in behalf of thee and thy rugged poetry. Be not surprized at my various quotations, as I am heaven-descended, and also a *chien savant* ; I perceive, Bruin, that the truths, I have utter'd, make you to fret, fume, and funk prodigiously—How your eyes kindle into anger, how menacingly you open your mouth—but—bow wow—I value thee not, I fear thee not.

E

I dare

" I dare thy worst, with scorn behold thy rage ;
 " But with an eye of pity view thy page,
 " Thy feeble page, in which, as in a glass,
 " We see bad rhimes to dissolution pass.
 " Thou odious being, who on reason's plan
 " So Bear-like form'd couldst ne'er be call'd a man,
 " What could persuade thee, rear'd in such low life,
 " With pow'rful Hogarth to commence a strife ?

See the epistle, p. 29.

Notwithstanding all thy malevolence against my master, I would in charity give thee some instructions about satire-writing, but that thou appearest so eminently disqualified for any regular composition. Thou wilt never seem energetic but in personalities, and in painting harsh features, or ugly likenesses ; meddle not with Beauty, she disclaims thee—detached abusive paragraphs in rhyme will ever be thy fort, which afterwards thread together as well as thou can'st, and force into the first occasional poem. In the mean time learn to smoothe and humanize thy style by reading the satires of Pope: how delicately, and with what master-strokes does he touch on a jealousy of rival merit in Addison: read also Young's Satires, Johnson's London, Whitehead's Satires, and Smart's Hilliad, see how much more he has made of a single object than thou hast—but

" Vain exhortation, wash the Ethiop white,
 " Discharge the leopard's spots, turn day to night. Epist. p. 21.

One may as soon do that, as bend thy obstinacy to take advice ; therefore to mis-spend no more time on so unalluring a subject, and in return for the great quantity of absolutely flat and unimaged prose with which thou hast stuff'd out thy rhimed epistle, permit me as thy antagonist Pug, to tag my prose-reply with a few rhimes, to the full as good, or as bad as most of thine.

Bruin no longer shalt thou rule the roast,
 Presumption vain, and vainer still the boast;
 " In rhimes like mine shall Hogarth stand accurst,
 " Pannel against my friend has done his worst.
 " I'll make the miscreant die."—He'll see Thee damned, first. }

F I N I S.



